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The Darke County Boy

VOL. I--NO. 1.

GREENVILLE, OHIO, DECEMBER 1, 1910.

"Old Greenville's" First Picture.

There she stands.

Not a cement sidewalk in the town. Not a paved street. Not a telephone or electric light pole. Not a gas post. Not a coal oil lamp nor even a coal stove in the village. No sewers or water mains or hydrants. Not a bicycle, automobile or rubber-tired wheel. Not a woman, girl or boy on the street—not even a dog.

Who are those men at the corner of the Court House? Perhaps they are Judge John Beers, J. R. Knox, Judge A. R. Calderwood, Judge John Wharry, Judge D. L. Meeker, William Allen, Judge William Wilson, E. B. Putman, and Michael Spayde. Who knows?

Back of them stands the residence and store room of John Hufnagle, the Greenville Croesus of that day.

The white building on the left is the Old Broadway Hotel—Wm. Fitts, proprietor. This side of that the Farmers' Bank owned by Winner & Frizell, the first bankers of the town. This side of that the clothing store of Joseph Oppenheimer. This side of that King's Saloon. This side of that Simon Bachman's clothing store. This side of that Thomas Hamilton's grocery. This side of that "Our Drug Store" kept by William Schmidt whose portraits will appear in these pages next month. This side of that Krug & McKlann's confectionery and toy store. That is where we boys used to get taffy for a cent a stick and three sugar kisses with love verses in them—all for a penny. This side of that "No. 8" Saloon kept by John Koenig. Four other rooms not shown in the picture will be seen in a later issue. See that druggists mortar

at the bottom of the picture, that stands in front of Knox & Schlenker's drug store. Look at the old sheds in front of the stores. What fun we boys used to have on top of them.

Look at that old Court House. Many was the time we boys played London Loo, Anthony Over, and again threw turpentine balls at each other. Who were the boys? I will tell you all about them some other time. Me thinks I can see Oliver H. Long, the Sheriff, and "Old Squire" Doty standing at the town pump.

Perhaps if we should peep inside that door at the left in the Court House we could see W. C. Porterfield, the County Clerk, and in the door at the right could see Dr. John E. Matchette, County Auditor.

Look at that old bell tower! How often we boys used to climb up there and toll the bell for some funeral. What's upstairs on the second floor? Why the old court room with its big red benches at the railing that ran

through it, separating the public from the lawyers, judge and jury.

At another time I will go all through this Court House with you and we will meet all the old time officials, judges and lawyers, and see them at work on some important case. There is lots of history and many anecdotes and incidents connected with that old Court House and the Public Square that will take up a great deal of space in the Darke County Boy at some future time.

Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Boys and Girls of 1855 to 1865.

How many of you remember Johnathan Cranor who kept the Broadway Hotel and his successor, William Fitts? And—

Jack Sweitzer, the old gunsmith and his shop on West Fourth street? And—

George Hunter, the old painter from whom "Huntertown" took its name? And

Christopher "Granddaddy" Martin who lived on Sycamore Street opposite the old Methodist Church? And—

Fred Cryder, who had a notion store on the corner of Third Street and Broadway? And—

Jim Summerville, who moved his tailor shop into the room where Cryder vacated it? And—

J. J. Henneman, the whopping big jeweler who had counter room in Jim's store? And—

Charley Merkle, the stylish shoe-maker and stylish dresser who made that store room his loafing place? And

Billy Schmidt, who kept "Our Drug Store" in what became the Morningstar room on Broadway. How we boys used to envy his boys who rode the first pony that ever came to Greenville? And

Hezekiah Owings, the old marshal that used to shoot so many dogs? And

Harve Marks who used to be captain of a military company? And—

Chris Neimeier, who had the pottery back of where Martin B. Trainger now lives on Vine street overlooking the "prairie" or Mud Creek? And—

Old Sammy Pearce, the butcher who used to live in the old frame house back of Bodle's school? And—

~~A Dutch~~ Thomas, the old family butcher, gardener and kraut maker. And—

Billy Minsor, short, fat, jovial and full of fun day and night. And—

Old Symmes, the miser, who came to town once a year to pay his taxes and always backed out of every house and store he entered. And—

John Shuey, the "Minatown" grave digger whose old plug hat created so much fun for the boys, and—

John Thompson, the deaf man whose impediment of speech caused him to say: "You ah, know ah. that ah, I ah am ah not ah as ah old ah as ah look ah." And—

The old ice house that stood on the lot where Amelia Temple lives on Water street. And

The old bayou back of Morningstar's that was full of Brother Johnathan frogs. And—

The old swimming hole back of Morningstar's. And—

The "Boomershine" where the Fourth street bridge spans Greenville Creek. And—

The old green market house that stood north of the Court House in the Public Square. And—

The two town pumps that stood, one at Kipp's Corner and the other on the Broadway Hotel corner. And—

The hundreds of cows that used to parade through the streets to and from the creek where they got their daily supply of water. And—

The drove of horses belonging to Uncle Charley Hutchins that roamed the streets at will.

All the above you will remember as little green spots in your childhood life.

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"Cooney" Witters, who used to sit on the sidewalks and mend clocks and splint chairs? And—

Bill Leeper the "strongest man in the county?" And—

Will Putnam, who used to clerk in Weston & Ullery's hardware store? And

Dr. Porterfield, the first resident dentist of the town? And—

Charles Fletcher and his nursery extending from Sweitzer Street east beyond Euclid Avenue? And—

William Oswald, whose blacksmith shop stood on Fifth street where the Christian Church now stands? And—

Alanson Brown, the saddler, whose shop was in his residence, Fifth and Broadway? How he could walk! And

Sam Musser, the little German tailor who lived close to Mud Creek bridge. How he could swear! And—

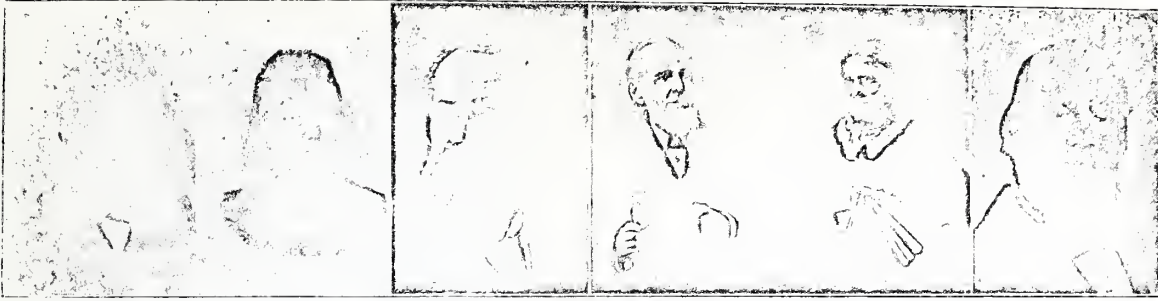
Arthur Nelson, the "picture taker" whose gallery was on Broadway over Beedle's tin shop? And—

John Clark, the Main Street baker with his long whiskers often "chucked" inside his vest? And—

Jennings, the tailor, who always wore a silk hat and a Prince Albert Coat? And—

Mose Kauffman, another tailor who always wore checkered pants and twisted his mustache? And—

Greenville Pioneers, Group No. 1.



John A. Hamilton

Mary L. Sorber

John Harper

Dr. Gabriel Miesse and Wife

Arthur Nelson



David Dorman and Wife

William Bishop and Wife

Mrs. J. D. Farrar

John A. Hamilton, oldest native citizen of Greenville, born in 1830 on West Main street near Public Square on the lot west of Waring's corner in his father's hotel. A man of remarkable memory. Remembers General Harrison's visit to Greenville in 1840. Mr. Hamilton stood in line with other boys on that occasion in front of what is now Wesley Gilbert's furniture store, while the ex-President walked down and shook hands with every boy in line. Mr. Hamilton was for many years a clerk in the old corner store of F. and J. L. Waring. Later he conducted a merchant tailoring establishment in the Hart building. He is now living a retired life at his residence on West Main street. Future numbers of "The Darke County Boy" will have more to say about Mr. Hamilton in connection with many incidents that he is familiar with.

Mary L., widow of Dr. J. L. Sorber, came to Greenville with her parents, Dr. G. Miesse and wife in 1848. In 1853 she was married to J. L. Sorber, a talented physician and senator from Ross County. He was also distinguished in surgery and because of his rare ability in that science he was commissioned Surgeon in the Civil War by Governor Todd. He also designed and constructed a planetarium of the various planets of the Solar System and including the periodical visits of certain comets. In 1853 he settled in Anderson, Indiana, with his young bride who had the dis-

tinguished honor of introducing the first piano in that section of Indiana. Mrs. Sorber is far from being or acting like an "old" woman. She is active mentally and physically and is enjoying the best of health. Her two daughters, Aurelia and Laura are the wives of W. S. Rosser and David Trump, respectively, of this city.

John Harper, Greenville's first photographer and one of the best artists of his time. He was born east of Greenville on a farm in the early "thirties." He was a son of W. S. Harper whose portrait appears in the next issue, and a brother of Marion Harper, the well known jeweler. Mr. Harper was killed

some years ago by street cars in Chicago. His widow, Priscilla Miesse Harper resides on West Fourth street, this city. A picture of Mrs. Harper taken when she was a girl will be reproduced in "The Darke County Boy" next month, along with a number of other girls of that day. Everybody in town will want a copy of the next issue to see how some of the Greenville ladies of today looked when they were "Sweet Sixteen" or thereabouts. Better order the next number at once.

Dr. Gabriel Miesse and wife come next in the group above. Dr. Miesse located in Greenville in 1848. He entered immediately into an active and lucrative practice that continued throughout his life. He took high rank

as a surgeon and was frequently called away from home in critical cases. The above photograph of himself and wife was taken on their fiftieth wedding anniversary August 24, 1882. For many years he occupied the building now known as the Wagner House, Public Square and Main Street. Later he built a fine residence on Third and Sycamore streets, where he died some 20 years ago. He owned much property throughout the county. He done a large practice through the mails. He was a lover of art and the sciences, and his family of eight children were all trained in music. Reference to them will appear in later numbers of "The Darke County Boy." Dr. Miesse was the possessor of quite a museum of curiosities in his time and his cabinets were always loaded with rare specimens from all parts of the globe.

Arthur Nelson looks just like he did in 1858. He was not a photographer but a taker of daguerreotypes and ambrotypes. Tintypes and photographs were unknown when Mr. Nelson first came to Greenville. The very first man to attempt the taking of pictures of any kind was David Beers. He never opened shop after buying his paraphernalia and making a few experiments.

First in the second group is David Dorman and wife. Mrs. Dorman is still living at the age of 88 years at her

residence on West Main street. David Dorman died a number of years ago. He was the founder of the Dorman Grocery more than a half century ago. It is now the oldest grocery house in Greenville—in fact it is the oldest mercantile establishment in the city. There are persons living today who have been patrons of the house ever since its doors were first opened. The business is successfully carried on today by Z. T. (Taylor) Dorman, son of David.

Third and fourth in the group is William Bishop and wife who came to Darke County in 1842. Mr. Bishop was born in New Jersey in the year 1800. Bishop's mill pond, Bishop's cider mill, Bishop's saw mill and Bishop's ice house are names that were familiar to the boys of Greenville from 1850 to 1875. Much more will be said of Mr. Bishop and his family in later issues of "The Darke County Boy."

Fifth and last in the group is Mrs. J. D. Farrar, whose husband's picture would have appeared with her's, had the engraver in Chicago been able to reproduce it from the daguerreotype plate. The outlines were too indistinct for reproduction. Judge Farrar came to Greenville when there were but six houses in the town. Later he engaged in mercantile business with Allan LaMotte. The firm name was LaMotte & Farrar. A great deal remains to be written of each of these individuals that will come under another heading entirely. Sadie Farrar-Sater is the only member of this family now living in Greenville. George D. Farrar, an only brother, resides at Waco, Texas.

Portraits of Simon Cary, William Laurimore, Mrs. Bell-Wilson, Solomon Schlenker, Rev. Elijah Williamson, Dr. I. N. Gard, Noah and William Arnold, Jacob Burdge, W. S. Harper Nathaniel Webb and others will appear in the next issue of "The Darke County Boy."

A grocer has as much right to sell Oleomargarine for butter, sand for sugar, stale eggs for fresh ones, as an editor has to sell lies for the truth, slander for news, insinuations for logic or prejudice for principle.

They Knew John Beers.

Judge John Beers knew the law as no other man of his day knew it. And all the judges and all the lawyers that knew him or had ever heard of him knew that he knew it. And yet he had not been admitted to the United States Court until some time in the '50's because he had never made application. When he did apply, Henry Stanberry and Stanley Mathews were associate judges with Judge McLean. When Mr. Beers' application was up for consideration, Judge McLean turned to Mr. Stanberry and said:

"Judge Stanberry, have you any questions to ask John Beers, the applicant from Darke County?"

Mr. Stanberry—"None whatever, Your Honor."

"Judge Mathews, have you any questions to ask John Beers, the applicant from Darke County?"

Mr. Mathews said: "None whatever Your Honor."

Then Judge McLean said: "Well, if neither of you gentlemen have any question to ask him, I have none, and the clerk is instructed to issue Mr. Beers his certificate."

Can as much be said in favor of any other applicant for admission to that court? It was John Beers who hailed from the "big woods" of Darke county.

Catechism in 1858.

Who cut your hair when you was a boy?

Mother.

Who made your new clothes out of daddy's old ones?

Mother.

Who made your cap out of pap's old overcoat?

Mother.

Who made your gallus' out of pap's old shirt?

Mother.

Who knit your woolen socks?

Mother.

Who sewed patches on the seat of your pants the size of a palm leaf fan?

Mother.

What did the boys polish their shoes with in the early "fifties?"

They didn't have any shoes they wore boots.

Well, what did they polish their boots with?

They didn't polish them-- they greased them.

What with?

Dubbin.

Did it have any smell to it?

Oh, yes, about the same as a glue factory.

Who was the best looking girl in Darke County between the years 1850 and 1860?

That question came up for settlement in a mass meeting (of men only) in 1861, but the war broke out and every man in the meeting enlisted and went to war. Those that came home alive married every one of the best looking girls and no one has ever dared to spring the question again.

A Good Memory.

Ves Curtis says he can remember when his father kept a furniture store in the south end of Waring's building on the Public Square. The firm name was Curtis & Lewis. Ves also remembers when his parents resided on the corner of Main and Vine streets. From this is to be seen that Ves isn't ashamed to tell his age. A fellow who was a good sized boy 50 years ago can't be very old in 1910. Isn't that so, Ves?

Nine Horses Stolen In One Night

Aaron Denise says that in the late '40's nine horses were stolen in the vicinity of Greenville in one night. No trace of them was ever found until Aaron was one day sauntering through some burdock hushes that stood in the rear of a double log house on West Main street and discovered among the bushes the strangest looking ladder he ever saw. It was made of two young trees with heavy scanting as cross pieces. He surmised that it was a "horse ladder" and might have some connection with the disappearance of the nine horses. He made an excuse to get upstairs in that double log house and there he found the puncheon floor covered with about eight inches of saw dust and every evidence that horses had been stored there at some time. The horses, however, were never found. Aaron says that the man who lived in that house at the time, afterwards became a merchant in Greenville and carried on business here for a number of years. He died about 40 years ago at Marion, Indiana.

A Warning to Parents.

As a rule, children know so much more than their parents, that it is becoming a serious question as to what should be done with our fathers and mothers. It would be cruel to starve them to death or incarcerate them in asylums. Perhaps by tolerating them a little while longer they will die and the property they leave can be confiscated and divided as a penalty for having brought children into the world. This world was made for children and not for parents.

Send in Your Protest.

It has been said that some ladies really object to seeing their pictures in public print. "The Darke County Boy" is in possession of a large number of photographs and tin types of the "girls of Greenville" taken 30, 40 and some over 50 years ago. All of these pictures will eventually be published in the "Boy" unless seriously objected to. No half way objection will be considered.

The Jaysville School in 1858.

Fifty-two years ago they were having more or less trouble in the Jaysville school with teachers who could not control the lively boys of that "destrict." Jacob T. Martz who knew the boys, told the trustees, William Robeson, Allan Pearson and Mordecai Ford, that he knew a young man—not quite 18—that could teach that school and get along first class with the boys. They told him to send him along at once. So when the fall term of 1858 set in, Mr. Martz was there with his young teacher. All the trustees were present and each gave the boys a short talk and implored them to "be good." Mr. Martz spoke and told them that he knew that they would get along with their new teacher.

The school enrollment was 110 with an average attendance of 76. The school house was crowded that morning—many parents being present to take a look at the new teacher that was to "control" the Jaysville school.

It came the teacher's turn to say a few words and as he stood up before the crowd, all got a good look at him. Tall, slender, boy looking in his appearance, brown eyes, big and lustrous, hair sort of reddish and complexion florid.

All he said was "get your books and study your lessons where you left off last year and after recess I will organize this school."

At recess the young teacher joined with the boys in their games and showed them that he was as full of sport as they were. In the school room he was all business. Outside of it full of fun and it wasn't long until the boys were telling it around that their new teacher was the best one they had ever had. No friction whatever occurred during all the time he taught there.

The name of this young teacher was "Lee" Chenoweth, ex-mayor of Greenville and a member of the law firm of Clark & Chenoweth. It pays to be full of human nature. A boy's a boy because his human nature's in a nutshell and Lee Chenoweth knew that fact as well as any teacher much older than he.

Beers told John that if he fed the 10 pigs until they were fit to be butchered the following winter he might have half of them for his trouble.

When winter came Mr. Beers drove out to the farm to butcher, and asked John to drive his (Beers') five pigs into the barn yard. John's response was about as follows:

"Wh-h-h-en di-did you, you le-le-leave you, you, your pi-gg-gs here Mr. Beers?"

"Why, last spring, John," said Mr. Beers, "don't you remember I left 10 pigs with you and told you that you could have five of them if you fed my five?"

Thompson said: "Ye-e-s, yes, bu-bu-but you, you, you, your five pigs di-died lo-lo-long ago."

And Mr. Beers never got even a bristle of his sow or ten pigs.

Names of pupils:

Isaac Jay	Lucinda Slade
Clarissa Jay	Eliza Slade
Thomas Jay	Ellen Slade
John Jay	Mary Slade
Napoleon Jay	Children of John Slade
Oscar Jay	A. F. Marawich
Children of Wesley Jay	Jas. Marawich, Jr.
Thomas Robeson	Katie Markwith
William Robeson	John Markwith
Susan Robeson	Children of James J. Markwith
William Robeson, Jr.	Alfred Kitchen, Jr.
Two sister's names forgotten.	Enoch Kitchen
Henry Ford	And two other children of Alfred Kitchen
Worley Ford	Alfred Dynes
Elizah Ford	William Dynes
Lydia Ford	Franc Dynes
Mary Ford	And three daughters of Bennett Dynes.
Christ Martin	Eliza Ann Oliver
Porter Martin	James Oliver
Elias Martin	Children of Milton Oliver
Catherine Martin	Wesley Pearson
Children of Robert Martin.	Maria Pearson
Ham Slade	Mary Ann Pearson
Isaac Slade	Children of Allen Pearson and others.
William Slade	
Harve Slade	
George Slade	

Dividing the Five Pigs.

In the late "fifties" David Beers owned a brood sow that had a litter of 10 pigs.

John Thompson, a quaint character of those days, lived on Dave's farm. John had an impediment in his speech that made his conversation amusing to some folks.

Stale Old Stories

[NOTE—Some of these stories are my own, some I revamped to suit occasions, others came from the "other fellow." Most of them are old enough to have whiskers, while some of them are still "wet behind the ears." There are several hundred of them that I used to tell on the platform, and it is my intention to publish a few of them in each issue of the "Boy" until the supply is exhausted.—George Calderwood.]

I.

A man was riding on the Pennsylvania railroad. He was reading a newspaper. A man sat behind him looking over his shoulder. Presently he laid his paper aside and was about to look out of the window when the man behind tapped him on the shoulder.

Looking around the other man said: "W-h-wh-where are yo-yo-you go-go-going?"

The man in the front seat replied: "To-to-to Ph-ph-phil-phil-a-del-phi-a."

The second man said: "Wha-wha-what you, you, go-go-goin there fo-for?"

The man in the front seat said: "To-to-to Ph- phi, phil, phil-a-del-phia."

The second man said: "Wha-wha-what you, you go-gc-goin' there fo-for?"

First Man—"To-to to, s-s see Doctor Scu-Scu Scudder, to-to to gi-e-e get him to-to to cu-cu cure me of stu-stu-s-t-u-t-ter-in'."

Second Man—"Do-d-don't go, go, go, to hm, hm, him; go, go to Doctor Bl-a-a-ck in L-l-an-cas-ter."

First Man—"Is, is, is h-h-he a, a goo-goo, good one?"

Second Man—"He, he, he is-s-s the b-b-best in the wor-wor-world; he cu-cu-cured me."

[Point—The cure was worse than the disease.]

II.

Once there was a man that had a cat—and the cat had a kitten. He kept them in a box at the barn. One day he was looking into the box and he said to himself:

"That cat can't get out." So he went to work and sawed a large hole in the box for the cat to get out, and then he sawed a little hole for the kitten to get out. He didn't have sense enough to know that the kitten could get through the same hole that the cat did.

[Point—Don't overdo things.]

III.

In the days of log rollings in Darke county it was the custom at noon-time to indulge in story telling. One day after several stories had been told, "Jim," as I shall call him, was asked

to tell a story. Everything that Jim told bore the reputation of having been magnified from a mole-hill to a mountain, so marvelous was his imagination when he warmed up to his subject. His brother was present that day and whispered into his ear:

"Go ahead, Jim, and tell 'em one, and if I think you are getting it too big I'll step on your toe and you can haul in on it."

With this gentle coaching by his brother, Jim opened out:

"You're a talkin' about big barns, ain't you? Well last week I helped raise a barn in Twin township, and giminee, but it was a whopper. Why,

the logs in that 'ere barn come from trees four hundred feet high and every log was spliced. An' when we got that ere barn up it was as long as from here down to—down to—. Well, it was a mile long."

Just then his brother stepped on his toe and Jim continued: "It was a mile long and about that wide." (Stretching his hands to indicate four feet.)

His brother broke in and said: "Jim, the idea of a barn being a mile long and only four feet wide. Who do you think is going to believe such a story as that?"

To this Jim replied: "Well, blame your ornery picture, if you hadn't tramped on my foot I'd a spread that 'ere barn."

[Point—Too much argument may spoil your case. A hint to young attorneys.]

IV.

A little boy was sitting at the table eating oatmeal and milk, and he liked it so well that his lips made a sound like yup, yup, yup. His father yelled at him, saying: "Willie, stop making a noise like a pig."

Willie slackened up for a moment, then again yup, yup, yup was heard.

"Willie, I want you to stop eating like a pig. Do you hear me?" said his father.

"Yeth thir," said Willie, but on he went yup, yup, yup.

"Willie, do you know what a pig is?"

"Yeth thir." Yup, yup, yup.

"Well, what is a pig? Tell me."

"It's a son of a hog," replied Willie.

[Point—Never ask a child foolish questions.]

V.

In the days when money was scarce in Darke county, farmers ran bills at

groceries and other stores until they marketed their crops, and then they went into town and settled their accounts. Multitudes of farmers, as well as their wives, in those days smoked cut-and-dry tobacco. Thomas Wilson (that wasn't his name) did his trading at David Dorman's in Greenville. One day Wilson mounted his old gray mare and was just ready to start for town when his wife yelled at him: "Be sure and settle with David Dorman, Thomas, for he has been good to us, and don't forget to fetch home the bill."

Thomas dismounted in front of Dorman's grocery, hitched his horse and went in.

"How much do I owe you, David?" said Thomas.

Mr. Dorman looked over the books and told him.

"Just make out an itemized bill then, David; receipt it and I'll pay you," said Thomas.

Mr. Dorman made out the bill and Thomas put it into his pocket and started for home. When out of town he took the bill from his pocket and began reading it as follows:

Thomas Wilson	Dr.
May 1, 1 lb Cut and Dry	20
May 3, 5 lbs. Sugar	30
May 8, 1 lb. Cut and Dry	20
May 8, Merchandise	1 80
May 11, Ditto	1 20
May 27, Ditto	90
May 28, Ditto	1 75
May 30, Ditto	50
June 6, Ditto	1 50
June 15, Ditto	1 75
June 19, Ditto	1 60
June 25, Ditto	1 75
July 1, Ditto	3 40
July 8, Ditto	1 00
Total	\$16 75

Thomas was puzzled. He had been to town on the 1st, 3rd and 8th of May himself and remembered very well what goods he had purchased, while Maria, his wife, had purchased all the rest while he was busy at work on the farm.

He queried to himself this way:

"David Dorman is an honest man. Maria is an honest woman, but I'll be blamed if there 'aint something wrong with that ditto business."

So he folded the paper up, put it back into his pocket, and socking his spurs into the sides of his old gray he hurried home and rushed into the house and holding the bill in his hand shook it at his wife and said: "Maria Wilson, what sort of extravagance have you been up to anyway?"

"Me extravagant, Thomas Wilson! I'll have you know I'm the most econ-

omical wife in Neave township," and she began to cry.

"Tears haint agoin' to help matters a bit Maria. What I want to know is what in the name of heavens have you been doin' with so much ditto?"

"Ditto! Ditto! Thomas Wilson, I'll have you know we never had a bit of ditto in this house."

Then Thomas said: "Look at this here bill its a whole page of ditto."

As the husband and wife scanned the bill over they concluded that David Dorman had made a fearful mistake and the only thing for Thomas to do was to go right back to town and have Mr. Dorman explain.

So Thomas mounted his old gray again and in half an hour stood before Mr. Dorman.

"David Dorman," Thomas began, "I always said you was an honest man, but this 'ere bill has onsettled Maria and myself pretty considerable and I've brought it back for you to explain things."

"What is it you want me to explain, Mr. Wilson," said Mr. Dorman.

"David, I want you to explain that 'ere ditto business, 'cause Maria says we never had a pound of it in the house."

Mr. Dorman explained it and in another half hour as Thomas was approaching the bars of his barn yard he heard Maria's voice:

"Thomas! Thomas! Did you see David Dorman?"

"Ye'es I seed David Dorman."

"Well, did he explain about that ditto business?"

"Never mind, Maria, never mind, the things all right," said Thomas.

"But I will mind," said Maria, "I want to know what it means."

"Well, it means just this,—it means that I'm a blamed fool and you're ditto."

[Point —Don't assume too much while you are ignorant of the facts.]

Is Elijah Devor 100 years old? No, he's not as old as Taylor Dorman. True, he was born before there were any turnpikes in Darke County, but Taylor was born when muskrats owned the only houses along the shores of Mud Creek. Taylor is a typical pioneer, while Lige is only a tenderfoot.

WHY CRITICISE?

Is there a single individual on the face of the earth that is spotless in character and flawless in reputation? If so, who is it?

If he that is without sin casts the first stone, then no stones will be cast.

Right here in Greenville are men who cast slurs upon others, when they are not pure of heart themselves.

If a man has nine virtues and takes one drink of whiskey is he to be condemned for that and his virtues go without praise?

If a man does nine good deeds in nine hours and gambles one hour, are his good deeds to be forgotten and his gambling alone to be remembered and criticised?

Where does a man find his privilege to criticise one sin and overlook nine virtues?

If a woman is good enough and pure enough to be a wife and a mother, who is there so impudent as to criticise her if she scolds about some thing occasionally?

Impudence is every man's privilege but it is no man's right.

To criticise a man who has more virtue than sin in his make-up, is impudence personified.

Give every man credit for all the virtues he possesses and then subtract his one little sin and you will have nothing left but virtue. So what will your criticism amount to?

Unless you have a sinful heart yourself you can not find fault with your betters.

Before assuming that you are privileged to criticise another, just stop long enough to consider whether you are any too good yourself. Try it just once.

A man that really tries to be good himself will succeed—in which event he never will have time to criticise another. Isn't that a fact, my brother?

The seven facts above stated were made to fit in specific cases. If you don't think they will fit just try them.

Old-Time Prices in Darke County.

HERE were things cheap and things dear in Darke county in early days. Money was scarce, wages low, taxes high, and yet the people kept right on building, clearing and paving the way to make Darke county the richest and greatest agricultural county in Ohio.

John S. Denise (father of Aaron and Obe) was a farmer, teamster, trader and contractor, and the following entries were taken at random from his day-book of 1827 to 1850:

1833. Moses Potter	Dr.
Half day's work	25
One day's chopping	50
One peck of seed corn	12½
Making a cradle	\$1 00
Making a coffin	1 25
To 1 almanac	18¾
To ½ borrel of meat	1 20
One day shingling house	56
10½ yds. Jeanscloth	2 50
Binding oats, 1 day	25

1845. William Teegarden	Dr.
To building a barn and furnishing everything	120 00
To 50 lbs. coffee, at 12½c	6 50

Paid	\$126 50
------	----------

1843. Paid for labor on above barn as follows:	
I. Huffman, 2 days scoring	\$1 00
Sampson Westfall, 6 days	3 00
John Oyler, 5 days	2 50
Jacob Oyler, 5½ days	2 75
James Oyler, 1 day	50
Hank Teegarden, 3 days	1 50
Henry Sutton, 5 days	2 50
John Deeds, 1½ days	75
John Bailey, 1 day	50
Wm. Teegarden, 1 day	50

Total	\$15 50
Nails, hinges, cross-cut saw, etc	30 00
Total	\$45 50

Labor and coffee were both cheap in those days. Nails averaged 5½ cents a pound.

Hickory ax-handles	6½
Pound of powder	50
Pound of lead	10
Powder horn	12½
Hay, per ton	\$5 00
Quart of whiskey	12½
Bushel seed corn	30
Breeding sows	2 50
Yearling calves	3 00
Ham, per lb.	12½
Muslin, yer yd	12½
Watermelons, per doz	25
Halfsoling boots	25
Timber for sled	57½
Making sled	1 50
Corn, per bu	25
Oats, per bu	18
8 lbs. Sole leather	1 95
Potatoes, per bu, in 1834	20
Load of wood in 1848	50
Hauling load to Richmond, 1835	1 57½

The above items were taken at random out of Mr. Denise's day-book.

What puzzles me is that a day's labor in early days ranged in wages from 25 to 75 cents, and was done by men of families. Money was scarce and men had to take their pay in "trade." Muslin cost 12½ cents a yard and Jeanscloth 25 cents. A man had to work a month to earn a suit of clothes.

In 1828 Mr. Denise built a barn for James Devor and paid his hands 93½ cents per day. This was the first notable increase in wages. When he worked himself he charged the same. Thirty-three days work amounted to \$31.12½. The same work today would cost \$83.59. All the odds are in favor of the wage earners of today.

Salt was worth \$5 a barrel and yet Mr. Denise got only \$1.50 for hauling

five barrels of it from Piqua to Greenville for Daniel R. Davis. March 30, 1840, a half peck of potatoes cost 37½ cents, or at the rate of \$3.00 per bushel! It took a laboring man four days to earn a bushel of potatoes.

Weaned pigs sold at 50 cents each. Oats 20 cents a bushel. One year later, February 5, 1841, potatoes sold for 24 cents a bushel; corn 25 cents a bushel. In 1835 buckwheat was 50 cents a bushel; eggs 6½ cents a dozen; bacon 7½ cents a pound; chopping wood 50 cents a day. December 22, 1839, he charged \$5.61¼ for chopping 17 cords of hickory wood, or 31¼ cents a cord. He sold it for 75 cents a cord. A pound of tobacco cost 12½ cents; 6½ pounds of pickled pork 39 cents, one gallon of whiskey 30 cents; halfsoling pair of shoes 25 cents. Leather was certainly cheap in those days; labor was cheaper, and yet there were no strikes, no trusts and very little money.

And yet, it was under such conditions as I have named, that the pioneers of Darke county had to contend with. One year wages would be high, but money scarce. The next year money would be plentiful, wages low and provisions high. There didn't seem to be any standard market value to anything. Aside from what little silver money crept into the country there come quite a number of individual bank notes. If a man went to bed with \$100 worth of them he was liable to wake up next morning and learn that the bank had "busted" the week before and his paper bills were worthless.

I don't know how much a pair of half-soles weigh, but a man could get a pair pegged onto his boots for 25 cents. The price of sole-leather was 24½ cents a pound. That was in 1827, when wages for plowing was 25 cents a day; dropping corn 19½ cents per day. Corn was worth 18 cents a bushel, and 26 pounds of pork could be bought for 95 cents. A bushel of apples cost 12½ cents; a pound of coffee 18½ cents.

Mauling 655 rails came to \$2.25; a barrel of cider to \$1, ten pounds of pickled pork cost 46 cents, and a shoulder of pig 25 cents. Wheat was worth 50 cents a bushel and butter 9 cents a pound.

Mr. Denise received \$1.50 a day for himself, hired hand and team, hauling wood. He hauled five barrels of flour from Winchester to Greenville for David Taylor at 20 cents per barrel. He sold John Kelly a pair of calves and a yoke for \$3.50. Wm. J. Henry bought a hog of him that weighed 103 pounds for which he received the sum of \$2.06.

He charged Pat Shields \$2 for 6 yards of cross-bar calico, or at the rate of 33½ cents per yard. Jerry Meeks was alive in 1828 and paid Mr. Denise 39 cents for 9½ pounds of side meat.

He hauled 25,000 brick a distance of three miles for William Bostwick for \$12. He hauled stone for him at \$1 per day, and sold him a beef hide for \$2.20.

I would like to find out where the above brick were used, as I have no record of a brick building being erected in Greenville that year.

The Darke County Boy

GEORGE CALDERWOOD, Editor

VOL. I.—NO. 2.

GREENVILLE, OHIO, JANUARY 1, 1911.

Old "Butternut Row," Broadway below Third Street.

WHAT a pity the "Butternut Corner" is not in the picture. Why did the photographer leave it out? Perhaps he was instructed to do so by Dr. John E. Matchette for whom the photo was taken.

When William Allen was the leader of the Democratic party of Darke County, his law office was Democratic Headquarters, and there Allen planned and counseled with his Democratic friends. During Allen's Congressional career at the beginning of the rebellion he voted: "Not a man, not a dollar for its suppression." For this statement his office was fired upon one night and one or two persons were hit by bullets from soldiers' muskets.

As soon as the war was over Allen renounced his Democracy and became a member of the Republican party.

Democrats along that "Row" never forgave him and it is plain to be seen why the "old butternut corner" was left out of the picture. A portion of it, however, is visible on the right.

Those buildings stood on what was once the old jail lot on Broadway and Third streets—occupied now by the Matchette-Wilson Block, Perry Bachman and others.

The building with no signs on it was the Probate Judge's office for many years—in fact, until the building of the present Court House. I can remember when my father, Judge A. R. Calderwood occupied it during his incumbency as Probate Judge. That was in the early 50's. Dan H. R. Jobs succeeded him, then came A. T. Bodle, John C. McKemy and Judge James T. Meeker.

Drs. Wm. H. and John E. Matchette built and occupied the adjoining building. That is Dr. J. E. Matchett standing on the steps in front of the door. No one has been able to tell me who the other persons are in the picture. Judge D. L. Meeker and Judge D. H. R. Jobs occupied the next building and Baker & Anderson, the one on the left.

I think a more appropriate name for that group of buildings would have been "Democratic Row" for the reason that for years not a Republican domiciled in any of them, besides those who did occupy them were leading Democrats and their offices were headquarters for all county committeemen of the Democratic party.

All the silver-haired readers of the Darke County Boy will recognize this old land mark.

Hard to Please.

Frank Ryan doesn't look old enough to have been born nearly 70 years ago. Well, he was, and right here in Greenville Township at that. Frank is hard to please about some things. While a member of Co. K; 24th O. V. I. he was captured at Winchester, Virginia, and after remaining with the rebels five days he took a disliking to the food they gave him and concluded to leave them and not even say "good bye." He crawled through a ditch full of briars in getting away and that night walked twenty-one miles and fell in with a negro who cared for him eighteen days. All this time he was within gun shot of the rebels. He finally reached Martinsburg and from there got home in time to be discharged with his regiment at Columbus September 13, 1861. Frank says the rebels were good fellows, but he couldn't stand their grub and consequently had to part company with them. He says they were sorry, no doubt, but he wasn't.

Come to think of it the Leftwich Piano House is a pioneer establishment in Greenville. Charley Leftwich has been filling the homes of Darke County with pianos ever since 1871, a period of forty years. A man that can hold the trade and confidence of a community for that length of time has much to be proud of.

Over 100 Years Old.

People are no longer called "old" at 60, 70 and 80 years of age. It is a very common thing to meet persons from 80 to 90 years of age, and the number of persons that live to 100 or more seems to be on the increase. On the 10th of October the mother of C. R. Leftwich, the piano man, reached her 100th year and bids fair to see many more birthdays.

The London Express tells of three women that are over 100 and all living.

Fran Dulkiewitz, of Pason, born 1785. Madam Bara Viselka, of Bavelko, Bavaria, born 1784, and Margaret Burns, Millvale, England, born 1801.

W. S. Turpen, of Greenville, will soon be 93. Col. David Putman, of Palestine, will soon be 90. Mrs. Wesley Jay, of Jaysville, and Mrs. Rosser, of Arcanum, are in their 94th year. Reynolds Morton, Aaron Denise and Daniel Zimmerman, of Greenville, are aged 88, 86 and 83 respectively, and all lively as crickets. These several score of men in Darke County that are between 75 and 80 years of age would be insulted if they should be referred to as "old men." Getting "old", before one has reached the 100 year mark is merely a habit and not at all popular.

Aaron Denise

and "86."

Aaron Denise was born January 16, 1825. He doesn't claim to be the oldest living person in Darke County, but he does claim to be the youngest old man on the streets of Greenville. The 16th of this month he will be 86 years of age and 79 years of that time he has lived in Darke County.

Aaron says: "When I came here in 1832 there were lots of Indians around about here. There were all kinds of game such as deer, bear, turkeys, panthers, wild cats, otter, mink, wolves and foxes. We had to build fires by laying powder on punk and shavings and then take a piece of flint and strike sparks from it to ignite the powder. Some times fires were kept alive under ash covering, and some times a tallow dip was kept burning. But when there were neither in the house and the flint would fail to ignite the powder we had to borrow fire from a neighbor. My father lived in the country at that time and I can remember when I had to carry live coal from neighbors half a mile away. We lived principally on J cake and venison in those days. If we hadn't time to kill a deer we could buy saddle of venison for 25 cents. My father hollowed out white oak bowls and the batter for the Johnnie cake was put into the bowls which were set close to the fire and cooked in that way. I killed many a deer and sold their hides to Allen LaMotte for a quarter a piece. The first boys I got acquainted with were Martin Ullery, Sam and Joe Cole. They are still living up about Coletown."

There used to be a lot of clay on the Joe Parks farm now owned by Sam Harnish and a man by the name of Sipe used to haul it to his pottery and mold it into crocks and jugs. His pottery was on the corner of Walnut and

Fourth streets where the Christopher residence now is. I have forgotten in what year matches were first brought to Greenville, but it wasn't for 15 or 20 years after I came.

A great many families had no tables or bedsteads in those days. Most of the folks bored holes in the logs at the side of the building and drove pegs into them and then stretched puncheon boards over them for beds. Others took four hickory posts and bored holes in them and put poles in the holes and then stretched ropes from pole to pole cross-wise and threw on their deer skins and sheep pelts for ticking and they make pretty good beds.

I was quite a young man before I ever saw an iron door lock. Wooden latches with a lift string to them were in use for many years after I came here. I don't recollect whether the town school had window lights or not but country schools couldn't afford any thing better than greased paper for window panes.

Money was awfully scarce in those days and one day my father came home from town and said that he had contracted with John L. Winner and John Clark to deliver them 300 cords of wood at 50 cents a cord. Both Winner and Clark lived at that time in the same house on Main street. It was known in later years as the Barkalow house. It was built by William McKhann before I came to Greenville. The ground between the house and Elm street was vacant and I piled the wood on that lot. Jerry Ries afterwards bought that vacant lot and built on it.

When Jerry Ries first came here he worked at blacksmithing for a man named Cole who had a shop right where Dan Zimmerman is now living on West Main street. After a year or so Jerry bought the corner lot where the old packing house stood and put up a shop for himself out of that material. At that time Elisha Dawes lived in a log house on what was later known as Clark's Corner, and where John Clark lived and had his bake shop for many years.

People are always talking about General Harrison having been entertained by Abraham Scribner in 1840. The truth of the matter is that Frank Hamilton entertained him at his tavern which stood where Warings store afterwards was built, and the general spoke to the crowd in the public square from the balcony of that hotel. I was 15 years old then and I have a pretty good memory of the facts."

In a disturbed mind—as in a disturbed body—health cannot exist.—Cicero.

Resist beginnings; it is too late to employ medicines when the evil has grown strong by inveterate habit.—Ovid.

Greenville in 1852 and 1853.

Fifty-eight years ago may seem "like an age" to a beardless boy or a short dress girl, but not so to the "boys and girls" of that day who are yet "young" for their age. I can remember J. Funk & Co.'s Liquor Store in the old frame where Ungericht's Shoe Shop is and when they built the Steinhilber building that stands next door. And

Schmidt & Davis' Drug Store next to Weston & Ullery' Hardware and Grocery Store. And

John Van Meter's Cheap Store where he sold books and paper, dry goods and groceries. And

Hiram Bell's law office next to his dwelling where the Turpen House now stands. And

Keogler & Ingham's doctor's office on West Third street. And

Joe Oppenheimer's clothing store, where he also sold jewelry, notions and musical instruments. And

Weston & Ullery's hardware and grocery store in their new building, Third and Broadway. And

Swisher & Compton's dry goods store on Broadway. And

McCarthy & Lehman's restaurant next to Webb's. And

Pretzinger & Katzenberger's grocery and produce store, corner Main and Public Square. And

The Farmer's Bank, south of the Court House facing the Public Square. The proprietors were J. L. Winner, J. W. Frizell, J. M. and H. M. Turner. And

Danford's tin store on West Main where Dr. Kerlin resides. And

Workman & Dailey's dry goods and millinery store on Broadway in the room owned by Robert Shuffelton. And

Glines & Lavender's merchant tailor store in what is now the Webb building east side of Broadway. And

Dr. Wm. Porterfield's dental office, where the Ohio Block now stands. And

Bauer & Brubaker's furniture emporium on Broadway near Harper's, with a coffin for a sign. And

Collins & Calkins law office over what is now Little's barber shop on Broadway. And

Allen & Calderwood's law office in the Court House in the public square. And

John Beers' law office over Hart & Arnold's store on Broadway. And

Jim Jaquas law office over Glines & Lavender's store. And

Hart & Arnold's dry goods store—Moses Hart and Henry Arnold in the old Arnold Block. And

Miller's shoe store, John and George in the room on Broadway occupied so long by Herschel Morningstar, next door to Krug & McKhann's confectionery and toy store. And

H. S. Cox's drug store in the Thompson room on Broadway. And

David Dorman's furniture store, The Dorman Grocery building, Broadway. And

Wolfstien's clothing store in the room owned later by Simon Bachman. And

Casad & Mitchell's hat store in the room now owned by Frank Laurimore where he conducts his restaurant on Broadway. And

Burtch & Housum's notion and toy store—later Burtch's grocery on West Main street. And

H. C. Garst's dry goods store, next to Burtch on West Main street and his sign in English which read: "German Spoken Here." And

Smith's Saloon on Broadway between Oppenheimer & Wolfstein's clothing store which he removed around to Main street where Garst's store was, and calling it the "Alhambra," Garst going in with John Hufnagle in the Hufnagle block on public square. And

Bill Devor's stove store on Broadway next door to Hart & Arnold's.

Aaron Denise says wheat was \$1 a bushel in 1853, and eggs 12 cents a dozen; lard 7 cents, and hogs \$3.50 to \$3.80 a hundred. Fred Burtch had a packing house across the alley in the rear of his store and did a big business.

In that year John Thomas, of Neave township, raised 92 bushels of corn to the acre which was considered a heavy yield.

Elijah McConnell was a young baker for Swisher & Feters in 1853, and he trimmed a Christmas cake that was the "talk of the town."

A. L. Northrop was auditor that year; Thomas Vantilburg, sheriff, and John Wharry, probate judge.

All persons going to or from the new postoffice building any time during the remainder of 1910, and the whole of the year 1911, should make it a point to pass through Kipp's drug store and get a roll of good reading matter including a large calendar for 1911 free of charge. While in the store room take a look at the fine line of stationery for ladies; the splendid fountain pens for men and the elegant assortment of purses for both sexes. These purses are warranted to hold any denomination of greenbacks, National Bank bills or the largest pieces of coin in gold or silver. Free exhibition of these goods from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Charley Hall is doing a large holiday trade with the ladies in the cigar and pipe line. Not for themselves of course, but for "the other fellow" as Christmas and New Year's gifts. Those who haven't time to visit his store phone 629 and Charley will do the rest.

It is not safe to despise what love commands. —Ovid.

Greenville's Old "Coomerine Club"

Look at the two old codgers in the picture.

Who are they?

Mercy sakes don't you know Billy Fitts and Jack Sweitzer?

Billy Minser ought to be sitting there with them, for those three fatties were nearly always together.

Not one of them weighed less than 250 pounds. They were all meat—meat eaters all of them. The pair in the picture are ready for a feast. There is the porterhouse steak held up by Billy Fitts.

I always pronounced these feasts "Coomerines" when I was a boy and even if I do spell them otherwise that is what I mean.

Let me call the roll of the "Coomerine Club:" Jack Sweitzer, William Fitts, Billy Minser, Enos Shade, Barney Collins, Jake Baker, Frank Waring, Charley Matchett, John Hamilton, Jerry Ries, Hugo Horning, Eli Hickox, Doc Smith, William Kipp, Tom Waring, Wash Weston, Eli Helm, Mike Hark, John Grimes, George Bloom, John Clark, Moses Hart, J. L. Sorber, D. B. Clew, A. R. Doty, Ed Putnam, Billy Schmidt, Bob Knox, General Spiece, Gavin Hamilton, John King, Dan King, John Koenig, Anthony Katzenberger, Daniel Zimmerman, Alex Bodle, I. N. Beedle, "Yont" Bowman, Fred Rehling, Conrad Schaible, Ira Martin, Cal Searle, T. P. Turpen, Bill Lehman, Ol Long, Henry Tomlinson, Wm. McKhann, Fred Burtch, Bill Crandall, Sam Ullery, Mart Ullery, Benny Reed, Dan Davis, Vol Whitmer, Joe McCord, David Beers, Theodore Beers, Joe Oppenheimer, Joe Herkimer, Charles Calkins, Ed Taylor, Ad McClure, Harve Marks, Ed Cline, Ed Connor and several others.

These feasts were usually held somewhere along the banks of Greenville creek where the fishing was good. Sometimes a snapping turtle would be fattened for several weeks in someone's slop barrel and then slaughtered for the occasion. Of course there was trout to be had in the creek, but there were occasions when no one had time to fish for them as there were so many other things to look after. I notice a bottle sitting on the table between Messrs. Sweitzer and Fitts, which I presume was filled with maple syrup. Everybody had tree molasses in those days and either that or something "just as good" was used to wash down the dry food that composed their feast.

After dinner there were songs, stories and speech making. Of course they discussed the fundamental principles of our government and perhaps some of them even discussed the tariff which

was very much alive when I was a boy. Some of the participants worked so hard to make others feel good that they wore themselves tired and had to lie down and rest before going to their homes.

Billy Minser was frequently the Master of Ceremonies, and he never failed to do justice to the occasion. I am sorry I can't show you his picture today, but I will do so next month.

Lest some of my flock may not remember the geographical make-up of Mr. Minser, I will just say that whether you measured him from east to west

or north to south the distance would be the same. When he was lying on the ground and his hat poised on his abdomen, you couldn't tell whether he was on his feet, head or back.

I move you, Mr. President, that we organize another "Coomerine Club" in Greenville provided, of course, that we can assure ourselves of having as much innocent fun as the "Coomerine Club" of 1858 to 1868.

I have noticed one thing in particular of the Greenville of today: It lacks that universal companionship of the Greenville of old. Why it is so I can not tell, but certain it is that brotherhood in citizenship isn't as perceptible here today as it was in my boyhood. The closer the people knit themselves together as a social unit the better it will be for the community.

The idea of dividing up into clans, classes and "societies" has a tendency to detract the citizenship as a whole from uniting on that which is always for the "good of the order."

All of you who are in favor of organizing a new "Coomerine Club" on the lines of the old one will please signify the same by the usual sign.

Carried.

Greenville Pioneers, Group No. 2



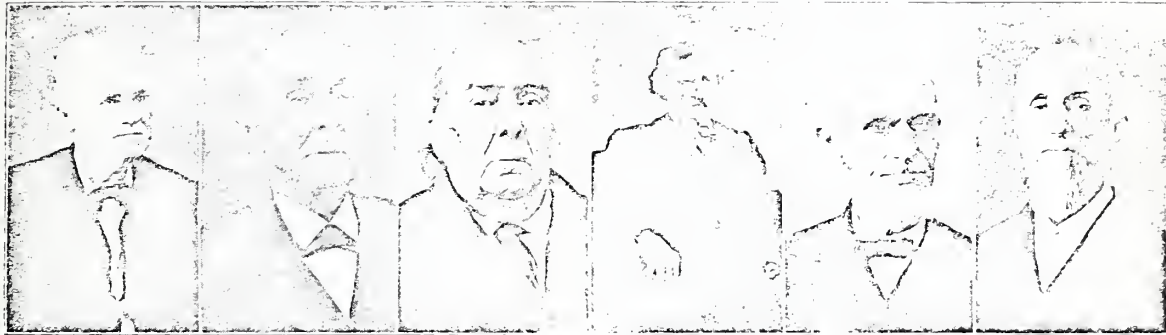
Simon Cary

William Laurimore

Mrs. Bell-Wilson

Solomon Schlenker

Elijah Williamson



Dr. I. N. Gard

Noah Arnold

"Uncle Billy" Arne

Jacob Burdge

S.

Harper

Nathaniel Webb

Simon Cary was a harness maker in the 40's and 50's and was the senior member of the firm Cary & Tomlinson—his partner being John Tomlinson. Mr. Cary was a large man with a "wobble" to his walk, and resided for several years in the house erected by William Laurimore on the lot now owned by Mrs. Kate Lucas, southwest corner of Fourth street and Central avenue. Mr. Cary married the widow Marks—mother of Pete and Harve, who removed with him to Marion, Indiana, in company with Jim McDowell in the late 50's. McDowell soon after went to Congress. All are now dead. Harve Marks died a few years ago, leaving quite a fortune. After leaving here Mr. Cary became a photographer.

Second in the upper group is William Laurimore, hotel keeper and justice of the peace for many years. In those days hotels were called "taverns." Mr. Laurimore's tavern was located on West Main street, between the Public Square and Sycamore street, south side. He was the father of Marion, James, Martha, Emily, Martin, Winner, Alvin, Oscar and Charles Laurimore Hickox, the latter being an infant when his mother died, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Eli Hickox. William Laurimore was a resolute and determined man whose settled convictions on any subject were as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. There are many living today who will remember Squire Laurimore and his office upstairs in the old Court House.

Mrs. Bell-Wilson, third in the upper group, was the wife and later the widow of Hiram Bell and Judge William Wilson. While the wife of Mr. Bell he was elected to Congress, and she spent two winters with her husband in Washington, D. C. After Mr. Bell's death in 1855, she married Judge Wilson, who died in 1864. Mr. Wilson established the Greenville Advocate in December, 1837, which later on became the Greenville Journal. Hiram Bell's residence was on the site of the Tur-

pen House—in fact his dwelling was converted into a hotel. His office was on the same lot facing Broadway at the point where Frank Meeker's real estate office now is. Mrs. Bell-Wilson was one of the most intellectual and polished women of Greenville up to the time of her death in the late 60's.

Solomon Schlenker comes fourth in the same group. I don't know when he came to Greenville or where he came from. He was the first conductor on the Greenville & Miami—now the Dayton & Union railroad. He lived for a number of years and died in the dwelling now occupied by Mrs. H. M. Cole, corner of Main and Walnut streets. After quitting the railroad Mr. Schlenker engaged in the drug business with D. R. Davis, then with Robert Knox and later with William Schmidt, and died while a partner of the latter. He had two sons, Sam and Dan, both dead I think. The last heard of Sam he was in New Mexico. Dan

married Clara Tullis, who resides, or did reside in St. Louis.

Elijah Williamson, fifth and last in the upper group, was for many years a preacher of the gospel in Darke County. It is said that he was the first ordained minister in the county. I think he was related to the Devor family. Any way Elijah Devor, the U. S. Commissioner in Bankruptcy, was named for him. Mr. Williamson was a circuit rider and traveled on horseback from settlement to settlement to preach the gospel. When the paths through the woods and the roads were bad, he made the journey on foot. All honor to his memory and the memory of every pioneer preacher of Darke County.

Dr. I. N. Gard comes first in the lower group No. 4. Born in Butler County in 1811. Came to Darke County in 1834. The roads in those days were almost impassible when muddy. Dr. Gard had to ride horseback over a large territory. He was a progressive and public-spirited citizen. He organized

and was president of the first Medical Society of Darke County. He organized and was for several years president of the Darke County Agricultural Society. He represented this district in both Houses of the Ohio Legislature several terms. He was at one time president of the Greenville & Miami Railroad. He was for many years one of the trustees of the State Lunatic Asylum at Dayton. He died in his 95th year.

Noah Arnold, second in the group, was born in Warren County in 1816. Came to Darke County with his parents same year. He was a farmer, justice of the peace, notary public, public spirited, and the promoter of many enterprises, charter member and director at one time of the Farmers' National Bank, and for many years one of the leading spirits of the Darke County Agricultural Society. He was the father of Isaac N. and George Arnold, both soldiers in the War of the Rebellion and of Mrs. H. N. Arnold and Mrs. L. E. Chenoweth, of Greenville. Noah Arnold was a splendid farmer, and spent nearly the whole of his life on his farm adjoining Jaysville.

"Uncle Billy" Arnold, third in this group, and father of Noah, George, John, Mary, William, Jesse, Maria, Henry, Isaac N., Lydia and James T., was born in South Carolina in 1789, and died in 1875, aged 86 years. He came to Darke County in 1815, and settled on a quarter section of land on Bridge Creek near Abraham Studebakers. Later on he purchased 160 adjoining acres. Built a brick house in 1827, and was known all his life as one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. Much will be said of the Arnold family in later editions of The Darke County Boy.

Jacob Burdge is fourth in this group. I find receipts given him by Abraham Scribner, Treasurer of Darke County, as far back as 1830. How many years before that time he resided in Darke County I am unable to find out. Certain it was that he was among the first—if not the very first person to introduce thoroughbred stallions in the county. He continued in the same business up to the time of his death. The portrait shown is a good one and the only one he ever had taken.

W. S., or as he was best known Sanford Harper, was born in 1810 in Trumbull County, Ohio. He came to Darke County in 1823, married Delilah, daughter of William Arnold of this group. He was a farmer, civil engineer and writer of considerable ability. He was married a second time to Sarah Elston-

Culbertson, widow of John Culbertson. She was a native of Washington Township, Darke County, where she was born December 29, 1823. Mr. Harper had four children by his first wife, Elizabeth. Wm., John and Catherine—the latter dying in her eleventh year. John was killed by the cars in Chicago about twenty years ago. Mention was made of him, and his photograph appeared in the December number of the Darke County Boy. W. S. Harper has been dead a number of years. His widow resides on West Third street, this city.

Nathaniel Webb, sixth in this group was of Welsh descent, and was a resident and jeweler of Greenville as far back as I can remember. "Webb's Bookstore" will be remembered by the "boys and girls" of 1850-60 very well. Also his jewelry store. I think Harve Marks, Henry Angel, Marion Harper all learned the jewelry trade with him. Wash McGinnis also learned it many years later. Mr. Webb had three daughters—Maggie, Ada and Helen. Mrs. Webb was an Angel, a sister to Mrs. John Studebaker and William Angel, of Bluffton, Ind. Henry Angel, a brother, Helen Harper, and Mrs. Sol Schlenker, sisters, are all dead. Mrs. Studebaker and Will Angel are the only two members of that family living. ex-Mayor Henry A. Webb is a brother of N. Webb. The latter has been dead twenty years or so.

Dog Hair and Cat Fur.

Any woman that wants to amount to a hill of beans socially will never tolerate a dog or a cat in the house. Aside from the vermin and stench they carry with them they fill the room with hair and fur and seldom miss the butter and all open dishes of food. Think of cat fur or dog hair in the kitchen. It's sickening. A cat or a dog in one's lap; worse yet. A cat or dog in the bed. Ye Gods! We hope these few remarks are not applicable to any home in Darke County.

In the Prime of Life at 83.

Nicholas Kuntz walks around town—often with his hands behind his back—and laughs and jokes and looks about like he did 30, 40, 50 and more years ago. He won't play the old man act for many years yet as he is only a few years over 80 and feels that he is just in the prime of life. He looks it and acts it and is going to stay right here in Greenville, moving about daily in his old-fashioned way. If all the houses that he has furnished lumber for could be hunched together they would be ample to accommodate a population of several thousand souls.

THE DARKE COUNTY BOY.

The other evening I received a telephone message from Mrs. C. H. Hartzell (Emily Shepherd), 205 Gray Ave., that "Sanford is here, can't you come down and see him this evening?"

"See Sanford Shepherd? Of course I will. Look for me in 10 minutes" was my answer, and I was there on time.

"Hello Skeeziacs" said I, as we shook hands. The stogies were passed around and as I began puffing away I looked my boyhood chum over. As far back as I can remember anybody I remember Sanford Shepherd. Once we baby talked with each other; learned our A B C's together; took our first school lesson out of McGuffey's Primer; passed into the First, Second and Third Readers together and when there wasn't any school we fought mullein stalks, made flutter mills, gathered hazelnuts, hulled walnuts and snawed bull frogs in Mud creek. Sanford's home is now in Bluffton, Indiana, where he is known as J. S. Shepherd. He told me that if I had called for "Sanford" Shepherd in Bluffton, no one would have known him.

What did we talk about?

We talked about Dr. Will Otwell, of Independence, Kansas, and the school he taught in "Huntertown." We voted him one of the best of teachers and the squarest of men. He knew how to whip, whom to whip and when, but did not know how to be mean. Both agreed that we would like to see him at the next pioneer meeting in Greenville, and we promised each other that we would write him a letter.

We talked of Dave Culbertson away off there in Nebraska, and wondered how he could have the heart to stay away from old Greenville so long. We wondered why he didn't stay here and get rich in the tile business as other folks have since.

He and John Winget opened Greenville's first tile works along the Pan Handle Railroad. But Dave got the western fever and it carried him off "beyond the Mississippi," where he has been busy making money ever since and piling up a lot of good health.

We talked of Chester, Nancy and Elizabeth Fletcher, Frank and Melissa Devor, Mary, Abe and John Rush, Mark and Charley Walread, the Robey boys, Charley and Rhoda Welch, John Snouse, Mina and Mollie Kahle, Catherine Thomas, Mary Ann, Sarah Ann, Betsy and Abe Carter, Jim, Ike, Sam, Sarah, Rachael and Mandy Pearce, John and Nancy Stokeley, Billy and Lena Feltman, Martha and Billy Fisher, Sarah,

Mary, Urias and Frank Shamo, Bill, Sally, Kitty and Jake Musser, Mose, Aaron and Bill Quick, Mary and Jim Canan, John, Bill and Hiram Carrier, Ike Eriggs, Lafe Huff, Tom and Bob McKee, George, Mary and Matilda Perkins.

We talked of Amos Compton and how Amos helped us cut down Bunker Hill at six bits a day. We pitied Amos facing the fierce wintry blizzards of Nebraska and wished him back home again.

We talked of Frank Coover and how lonesome he must be away down there in Cowley County, Kansas! His place is

right here in Greenville and he ought to come home.

We talked of Captain James Wharry out there in Oklahoma among the wild Indians and wild real estate men.

We talked of Ike Arnold and his wife nee Susan Loring and wondered how in the world they could stand the mud of Huntington County, Indiana, when both of them had been raised on the high and dry land of Darke County.

We talked of the DeRush family and wondered if Elizabeth (Dye) was the only one living. Daniel DeRush, the father, was one of the greatest millwrights of Ohio. Then came his sons "Slate," Samuel and Wert everyone of them experts trained under their father. There were three girls, Elizabeth, Bell and Emma.

We talked of Alex Swisher, of Union City and wondered whether he had forgotten how to throw a turpentine ball as he used when a boy with us.

We talked of Tom Bloom and felt it our duty to write Governor Marshall to use his influence to have him return to Darke County and buy a mill on Greenville Creek and erect a mill-dam deep enough for us youngsters to swim in.

We talked of Hugh Dougherty of the Marion Trust Company, of Indianapolis, and congratulated him on the great success he has made in life since he left Greenville as a clerk in the Recorder's office.

We talked about "Gabe" Miesse, and his wonderful musical abilities and feel sorry that he ever left Greenville.

We talked of A. L. Woodberry, that prince of blacksmith's, who used to pound iron and smile, then smile and pound iron, and wondered if he was as happy in Texas as he was in Jim Ries' blacksmith's shop in old Greenville.

We talked of "Jim" Gorsuch and the many times we ducked him or he ducked us in the old boomershine and other didoes the three of us engaged in when it was our duty to arouse the citizens

of Greenville to the importance of being alive.

We talked of the Bireley boys, Henry, Wesley, Harvey and Wade and their good and good natured father. How we did recall the juice of Mr. Bireley's watermelons and the sweetness of his cider. How kind we thought it was in Mr. Bireley to let us chase rabbits out of the brush heaps in his prairie and then have our dog "Coly" Shepherd run them down.

We talked of the success of George and Hod Calkins and voted both of them our highest congratulations.

We talked of Harry O. Weaver, the private secretary to George B. Cortelyou, and while neither of us were jealous of his good fortune we both agreed that in the event he resigns his position that Mr. Cortelyou ought to have our address.

We talked of "Jont" Gorsuch, of Huntington, W. Va., and wondered whether he had forgotten the "Wide

Awakes" of 1856, and the night he dared Polk Johnson to knock a chip off of his shoulder.

We talked about the old market house that stood north of the old court house in the Public Square and neither of us could tell when it was torn down. Even Taylor Dorman old as he is-- couldn't tell. I told him that if Charley Katzenberger couldn't tell no one could.

The next day Sanford called at my office and I showed him some photographs that were being made into cuts for reproduction in the Darke County Boy namely: J. R. Knox, D. L. Meeker, Charles Calkins, A. R. Calderwood, William Allen, John Beers, Barney Collins, J. W. Sater, M. T. "Jim" Allen, Elijah Devor, Jim Ries, Clay Helm, Gus Koop, George Calkins, Tom Clark, Geo. D. Farrar, Simon Bachman, Joe Elease, "Yont" Bowman, Billy Minser, Gabe Miesse, John L. Winner, Capt. C. G. Matchette, Ben Sonders, Billy Putnam, Charley Lynch, Jim Hamilton, Cash Parramore, Rev.

T. C. Gourley, Pete Bishop, Capt. John Manuel, Charley Tate, Rev. Wm. Tate, Billy Schmidt, Ed Waring, Frank Waring, "Jim" Waring, I. N. Beedle, Wash Weston, Judge Henry Cole, Marion Harper, John Hall, J. C. Turpen, George Snyder, Ol Perry, George Perry, J. T. Martz, Jake Turner, Geo. Martini, Charles Biltmier, Dorsey Wilson, John Schmermund, Bob Knox, Capt. Will Snyder, Will Angel, Henry Angel, "Doc" Smith, (old master mechanics D. & U. R. R.), Frank E. Moore, Jake Baker, Newt and Wilson Arnold-boys, Mose Kaufman, Jake Porter, Jack Clark, Dave Vantilburg,

Geo. W. Moore, Col. J. W. Frizell, Lam Arnold, Zeke Fitzgerald, John C. Arens and others.

Among the "Greenville Girls of Yesterday" are Ella Hart, Priscilla Miesse, Helen Gilbert, Mollie Bowen, Lanesse Miesse, Lydia Arnold, Parthenia Shade, Adeline Angel, Stella Larimer, Sallie Coover, Helen Bell, Hattie Winner, Flora Clark, Miss N. F. Bishop, Alice Miles, Annie Oakley, Gertie Beall, Lucinda and Mary J. Calderwood.

Among the mothers of "Yesterday:" Mother of Moses Hart, Mrs. J. R. Knox, Mrs. J. W. Frizell, Mrs. Jack Taylor, Mrs. E. Dawes, Mrs. Thos Workman, Mrs. I. N. Gard, Mrs. J. L. Winner, Mrs. Jerry Ries, Mrs. James Ault, Mrs. Johnathan Bowman, Mrs. E. Fitzgerald, Mrs. A. R. Calderwood and many others.

I am gathering in these photographs as fast as I can get people to loan them to me, and when I have 300 of them I will have them all made into cuts at once.

I don't know why it is, but some folks are peculiarly slow about sending in their ole-time pictures. When my gallery of pioneers is completed and their friends are left out they will know where to place the blame.

Don't make the mistake of waiting to subscribe for The Darke County Boy and then expecting to get the "back numbers."

The surest way of getting all the pictures is to subscribe at once. Copies of the December number are nearly exhausted.

Get your name on the book NOW.

Darke County Generals.

Only one of the Major Generals of the Civil War was ever a resident of Darke County—General James Blount. He left Greenville for Kansas in the early fifties in company with his father-in-law, Dr. James Kilpatrick who used to practice medicine in and about Fort Jefferson and Otwell's Mills, then Patty's Mills.

General John Bidwell used to teach school in Darke County before he went to California where he became a General of Militia.

General J. W. Frizell was a Brigadier General.

General H. W. Emerson was a Commander of the early day militia of Darke County.

What a lot of fancy chinaware is being given away as presents this season. Blottman's China Store is making a great display of fancy patterns and figures in the most charming lot of goods ever seen in Greenville. There is something to fit every purse and every taste for the beautiful.

BOYHOOD SUPERSTITIONS.

The boys of Darke County had to listen to tales of superstition as well as boys living elsewhere. Fifty years ago these goblins of the mind were as plentiful as imagination.

To kill a toad indicated that "our" cow would soon give "bloody milk."

To leave a dead snake lying on its back was sure to fetch rain."

To hear a dog howl under the window meant a death within a week.

For a rooster to crow in front of the door meant a stranger is coming."

To drop a dish rag on the floor meant "friends will call today."

To pick up a pin, point from you meant "bad luck." Point toward you "good luck."

To meet a cross-eyed woman in the morning, you were sure to quarrel with someone that day.

To sing at the breakfast table meant a death in the family within a year.

To find a four-leaf clover was "good luck."

To put on your socks (stockings) wrong side out unknowingly was the best sort of luck.

To make a present of a knife or sharp tool was sure to "cut your friendship."

To break a looking glass meant "awful bad luck coming to you soon."

To drop a knife "good luck" but to drop a fork was "bad luck" indeed.

To forget some thing on taking your departure from the house and have to go back for it was "fearfully bad luck."

To open an umbrella in the house was "bad luck a plenty for you today."

To let the clock stop meant "bad news by mail."

It denoted an early sickness and perhaps death to move the broom from the old home to the new one.

To take the last piece of bread on the plate was "bad manners" even after it had been offered to you.

To walk under a ladder was an ill omen.

To dream of death you was sure to hear of a wedding and vice versa.

To "hope I may die if I tell you a lie" meant death by lightning if it wasn't so.

To spill salt meant "a day of misfortune is in store for you."

The long end of a wish bone was good luck.

The above is only a few of the superstitions that were once so prevalent in Darke County, and strange to say that some folks believe in them today.

"The Peace of Mad Anthony."

Mr. Frazer E. Wilson, of Greenville, Ohio, life member of the Ohio Historical Society, has recently published a little book which ought to be of decided interest to every past or present resident of Darke County. The title of the volume is, "The Peace of Mad Anthony"—an account of the subjugation of the Northwestern Indian Tribes and the Treaty of Greenville by which the Territory beyond the Ohio was opened for Angle-Saxon settlement. The book contains a graphic outline sketch of the Indian tribes inhabiting the Ohio valley and the lake region at the advent of the Whites; an interesting account of the early Indian raids and retaliations; and comprehensive narratives of St. Clair's and Wayne's

expeditions and the Treaty of Greenville. It has been the author's object to treat these subjects in the most interesting and attractive manner without sacrificing historic accuracy. How well he has succeeded is told by various capable commentators:

"The Darke County Boy" says: "Mr. Wilson has put more historical facts into 125 pages than can be found in some other histories of 1000 pages or more. The book is worth its weight in diamonds to anyone with a mind that is fit to receive authentic history."

Byron W. King, the noted lecturer, says: "I wish to congratulate you upon your work. It is finely written. It is clear, graphic and teeming with interest. A copy of your book should be in every school and every home. The language is chaste and elegant and the facts of history are made beautiful by the diction of the poet. I hope you will write more for we need more books like yours."

This book contains 125 pages of type matter, is printed on high-grade paper with large, clear type, illustrated with 29 appropriate cuts and neatly bound in cloth. It sells at \$1.25, postpaid, and can be secured from the author at Greenville, O. Exceptionally appropriate for a Christmas gift.

A Ravenous Animal That Once Inhabited Darke County.

There used to be a strange sort of an animal in Darke County. Those who claim to know from personal experience, say that it ate nothing but the flesh of human beings. There is no record of its ever having eaten the flesh of a corpse. It wasn't a large

The Tom-Fool Tariff.

animal. Those who have seen it claim that it had many legs that were long for the size of its body. It was of a yellowish color—smooth skin and striped black. It never was known to make the least bit of noise and stole upon its victims without the least warning. Its preference was boys flesh oftener than girls, yet there are cases where girls too were bitten by it. Its bite was not poisonous, but was said to be very aggravating. It always attacked boys on the scalp and the way they used to scratch their heads in school was amazing. When the teacher saw a boy scratching his head, he was told to go home and use a fine tooth comb. A great many of these animals were caught in that way and killed. The best way to kill them was to "crack" them with the thumb nail.

Buy a copy of Frazer Wilson's Indian book—"The Peace of Mad Anthony," and make some friend a present of it. Call at store and Frazer will be pleased to meet you whether you buy the book or not.

Mayor Schmermund says: "I never had such a holiday trade in my life. It is a great present making season and everybody seems to want to give jewelry for presents this year. Well! I've a big lot to choose from. I anticipated some thing of the sort early in the fall and I lay in a good supply of pins, charms, rings, silverware, watches and clocks, diamonds, optical goods, cut glass, etc., to satisfy all in price, quality and variety."

A man must either imitate the vicious or hate them.--*Montaigne*.

"The Darke County Boy."

Our old friend, Geo. Calderwood, is now issuing a new paper, which he has named "The Darke County Boy," and which occupies a field peculiarly its own. It does not pretend to be a newspaper, but deals with matters of intense interest to all who live in Darke County, or who ever lived here. In its columns you will find many reminiscent articles relating to our oldest citizens and to many who long ago passed to the Beyond. George tells these little stories in his peculiar happy way, and if you secure a copy of the next "Darke County Boy" (which will be issued December 15th) you will find in it many matters that will greatly interest you.

Greenville Advocate.

The other day I saw about 40 rolls or high cylinders of paper lying on the sidewalk in front of the Daily Advocate office, and I asked my good friend, W. A. Browne, the editor, where he got so much paper. He replied, "Come down in the basement and I will show you an equal amount." I went down stairs with him and there was a cellar full of huge rolls all ready to go up the elevator to his duplex press. Continuing Mr. Browns said:

"I was compelled to buy all of this paper in Canada. I would like to have purchased it in this country but our tariff laws compelled me to buy away from home. The Canadian papermaker pays duty on this paper to get it to me and then sells it to me at \$1.25 less per hundred than American manufacturers who have no duty to pay. Our tariff is a big thing for Canadians since they can make money underselling our "protected" industries. Is it any wonder that the people chose a political landslide to the Payne-Aldrich gauge?"

As early as 1832, Darke County, had a good start in "blooded" horses as indicated by the following:

Received 5 May, 1832, of Jacob Burdge, five dollars as a license to keep his horse, Arabian, as a foalgetter this season. A gray with black spots, 15 hands high, white stripes in his hoofs.

ABRM. SCRIBNER,

Treasurer Darke County.

Similar receipts were given that year to Dr. Lorenzo Hayes, Emerly Rogers, Jacob Cable, Alfred Smith, Silas Braffett, Erich Matchett, Isaac Reed, John Ryerson, Wm. Thatcher, Andrew Fry, Esq., James Brady, James Fiers, Archibald Edger.

This is the kind of weather to think of furs and of Gordon & Alter. Just now their Wrap and Fur Department is a great point of attraction. The Newest Styles in the best goods is the one charming feature. In these holiday times one feels best when looks are best. Just now is your opportunity to look your best. You should see these goods while the assortment is still large.

Hiram Bell was the first Congressman to be elected from Darke County. William Allen was the second, Charles M. Anderson the third, and H. C. Garber the fourth. Bell died in 1855; Allen in 1881, Anderson in 1907. Garber is living in Columbus.

SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.

What better "New Year Greeting" to a friend could you send than a year's subscription to The Darke County Boy? When Postmaster Halley examines our sworn list of subscribers, he will see that quite a number of persons have subscribed for two or three copies to send to their friends who live outside the county and who will get the "Boy" every month as a "gift" for the coming year. There are some who have from five to twenty friends living away from Greenville who would enjoy a "token of friendship" in the shape of The Darke County Boy.

Until January 15 subscriptions will be received at 50 cents for one year.

DON'T "KNOW" TOO MUCH.

If you want to have a good memory don't read too much.

Don't scatter your reading.

Avoid too much variety.

Concentrate on lines of your life's work.

What you do read, read and read until you understand it.

To read and not remember means that you are purposely wasting your time or you do not understand the definition of language.

Fix the subject matter in your mind.

Don't try to know too much.

One fact a day will burden you with too much "knowledge" before the year is over.

What man, what woman is able to make practical use of 365 ideas?

Not one.

Don't read what you don't want to remember.

Knowledge never becomes wisdom until it is practically made use of.

The size of The Darke County Boy" forbids an overdose of "reading."

WILD CATS IN DARKE COUNTY.

"I wasn't scared half as much in any battle I was in during the Civil War as I was in the big woods of Darke County in 1832," says Aaron Denise. "It was up in Brown Township, and the trees and undergrowth were so thick that walking was very difficult. I heard a scream not many feet from me and I thought it was a woman in trouble of some kind and I tried to get to her. Pretty soon a wild cat bounced on top of a log near me and gave another scream just like the first one. Then I knew that no woman was about and that the wild cat was making the noise. I had no gun and the only thing I could do was to retreat. The further I walked the louder the cat screamed. It would run up close to me and give a yell, then it would bounce away for awhile and back it would come, until it finally saw

the clearing I was coming to and it disappeared. I had the pleasure of killing that beast the next day, and that summer I killed so many of them that I lost interest in hunting them. In a few years they were all killed off or left the country.

What were the most popular brands of hair oil used by the young men of Greenville before the Civil War?

Bear's oil, sassafras and cinnamon.

What did the girls perfume with principally?

Musk.

How did it smell?

I dassent tell.

OUT OF STYLE IN DARKE COUNTY.

Chimneys made of stone, sticks and mud.

Tin lanterns and candles.

Andirons and back logs.

Spinning wheels and carpet looms.

Tallow dips and candle moulds.

Red top boots for boys.

Coon skin coats and mink skin caps.

Soft soap and salaratus.

Mauling rails and burning logs.

Log churches and log school houses.

Wild geese and wild pigeons.

Wild turkeys and pheasants.

Tar buckets and covered wagons.

Single and double shovel plows.

Ox teams and sheep skin saddles.

Sickles and finger cradles.

Clock tinkers and splint bottom chairs.

Wooden brooms and crane wells.

Side saddles and box stoves.

Greased paper window panes.

Tramping out grain by horses.

Threshing wheat with flails.

Steel yards and hickory bark kindling.

Dinner horns and apple cutting.

Sugar kisses wrapped in verses.

New Orleans molasses.

Dog Leg tobacco and wild cherry wine.

Fox drives and coon hunts.

Wild cats and eagles.

Rope bed springs and paw paws.

May apples and land turtles.

Hoop-poles and cooper shops.

Ash hoppers and soap grease.

Outdoor bake ovens and hot ash spiders.

Sycamore gum springs.

"O-M-P-O-M-P-O-N-O-O-S-O-C."

Back in the 50's Alex Bodles' pupils were treated to a visit by a stranger who claimed to be an Englishman on a tour of America to investigate its public school system. He gave out a word for the children to spell, and the one that spelled it correctly was to be given a valuable prize next morning

when school opened, and long before the school hour Les LaMotte, Dave Gerard and Dave Culbertson were at the school door with their slates and the correct spelling of the word.

School was "called" but no Englishman appeared. He had left town the night before because of a report that he was "bogus." The word he gave out was "Ompomponosoc." If any of our readers know the meaning out with it—provided it is Indian.

Worry-- A Popular Form of Suicide.

Do you realize the fact that no two things can occupy the same space at the same time in either the mental or physical world?

Do you know that it requires the same process of mental activity to produce worry that it does to produce joy?

You can't worry to save your life unless you voluntarily think about it. If you give up space in your mind for worry how can you expect to be happy? Happiness can't occupy the same space that worry does. Why then let worry occupy the space that belongs to happiness? You can't be happy and miserable at the same time any more than worry and happiness can occupy the same space at the same time. You are master of your own mind. If you don't want worry as one of its tenants you don't have to let it in. It can't get in

as long as happiness is "at home" in your mind. How foolish of you to expel happiness and then give up its room to worry?

Worry has a bad reputation and you know it. You know that worry

- Impairs appetite.
- Disturbs sleep.
- Irritates disposition.
- Makes respiration irregular.
- Spoils digestion.
- Warps character.
- Weakens mind.
- Stimulates disease.
- Lies to you.
- Deceives you and
- Saps your bodily health.
- Worry is a habit.
- Get rid of it.

If you can't control your mind any other way stick a pin in the door. Stand back ten feet. Close your eyes. Now walk toward the door with your fingers pointing forward. When it strikes the door see how near it came to hitting the pin.

While doing that worry will be out of the house.

Try it.

NO RED TAPE IN 1832.

Here are some of Abraham Scribner's receipts given on a piece of paper not to exceed 1½ inches in width and 6 inches in length to wit:

Received 14th April, 1831, of John Howell, Sheriff, three dollars for a fine on Jacob Hagaman.

ABRM. SCRIBNER,

Treasurer of Darke County.

No e on Dark nor any periods or punctuation marks.

Rec'd 27 April, 1832, of John Howell, Sheriff, three dollars for a fine on Wm. Brady for an assault on Puterbaugh.

ABRM. SCRIBNER,

Treasurer Darke County.

Rec'd 13, March, 1832, of John Howell, Sheriff, ten dollars for Johnathan Townsend fine and six dollars for jury fee in Townsend case.

ABRM. SCRIBNER,

Treasurer Darke County.

Rec'd 7 May, 1832, of Archibald Edgar, Esq., five dollars as a fine assessed by him on Edward F. Smith for an assault and battery on the body of Hiram McNutt on the 31st day of March last.

ABRM. SCRIBNER,

Treasurer Darke County.

No red tape in the spelling or form of bookkeeping. The sheriff simply collected the fines, paid them over to Scribner and took the latter's receipt. In these days 1000 or more words and several blank forms would be required before closing any case of simple assault and battery. It was much cheaper to fight in those days than now, and yet there seemed to be less of it.

It has been discovered that since the election last November it is perfectly constitutional for any citizen of Greenville to feast on turkey and oysters, to his hearts content—provided, of course, that he gets his supplies at The Dorman Grocery. Taylor prides himself on the fact that his "top notch" apples beat all other apples ever seen in this market, and when it comes to high class groceries all you have to think of is "1850-1910," and you have the staying qualities of The Dorman Grocery. If they didn't have what you want when you want it at the price you want it, they wouldn't have been here so long. Catch the idea?

Brevities

The Erisman family settled in Adams township in 1839.

Samuel B. Minnich was postmaster of Castine nearly fifty years.

The Lephart family settled in German township, Darke County in 1819.

The first sermon of record preached to a civil congregation in Darke County was delivered by Judge J. Purviance at the house of John Rush on Mad Creek in 1811. His father, David Purviance was one of the originators of the "New-lights" in Kentucky.

Save every number of The Darke County Boy. Don't send them away. Have them sent to your friends from this office by the year or by the copy. Never wait for back copies. Always order in advance and you will run no risk of being disappointed.

Lawyer D. P. Irwin says he can remember when squirrels were so thick when he was a farm lad that they were killed by the hundreds and lay scattered all over the farm where the smell of them made him wish for a barrel of cologne, morning, noon and night.

The Presbyterians organized in Darke County in 1818, by Rev. Shannon a chaplain from one of General Harrison's regiments. His first meeting was held in the home of the father of the late John H. Martin, the stock dealer and farmer who resided west of town.

The fact that a man owns a newspaper doesn't privilege him to vent up his wrath against any public official or private citizen any more than the owner of a typewriter is privileged to do the same thing. Horse-whipping has'ent gone out of fashion, by any means.

The fashion has'nt gone out of style yet for young men to line up outside the entrance to country meeting houses, and when the girls begin to come out to step up to them and say: "May I go home with you?" And it is still the fashion to give a young man the "mit-tin'" occasionally.

Harrison Coblentz has been glad ever since June 2, 1840, that he was born in Darke County. He didn't take part in the hard cider campaign of that year for the reason that his preference was milk and he didn't like cider anyway. Very few persons in Butler township ever did like cider.

In the "Genealogical and Biographical Records of Darke County," page 608, William Denise is recorded as being born May 13, 1824, and Aaron Denise, his brother, January 16, 1825—a difference of 8 months and 3 days, when the facts are that Aaron is over two years older than William.

Dr. C. H. Bolles has been pulling and filling teeth in Greenville nearly 40 years. If all the mouths that he has yanked teeth out of could be turned into one big mouth, the Mammoth Cave would be so ashamed of its size that it would close its jaws and go out of the tourist business forever and a day.

Now that you are reading these lines did you ever know a school teacher in Darke County by the name of John Ratliff? He taught in the neighborhood of Beamsville in the 50's. Squire Botton claimed that "he wasn't much on joggerfy or spelin'", but in figgers he was really persnickerty, and that's what took."

The late Henry Arnold, of Greenville, said he heard a sermon preached in Greenville in the latter part of 1811, by Abraham Sneathen. The first bible class was formed in 1818 and was known as the "Hiller and Levergood" class. The second was formed in 1833 by William Oliver and others about six miles north of Greenville.

The first school in Union City was opened by Miss May Ensinger in her father's house on Howard street in 1753. That same winter the first public school was opened in a "Bellefontaine" boarding car. There were no churches erected there until the Methodists built one in 1858, although several church organizations existed—the M. E. folks in 1852, and the Catholics in 1851.

Prayer meetings became regular in 1834. The first one was held at the house of William Wiley. At first they were attended by both spiritual and spiritual persons. These meetings were the beginning of the Wednesday prayer meetings in Greenville. When the Baptist Church was organized in 1834, among the members were W. J. Birdy, J. M. Baskerville, Lorina Hoap, Hiram Bell, Zane and Samuel Rush and Eliza McGinnis.

Patient "Doctor, is there anything that will cure heart failure?"

Doctor "None that I ever heard of."

Patient "Well, do you know of any cure for breath failure?"

Doctor "My experience has been that when a man loses his breath his case is incurable."

Patient "I guess then I'd better go on with that castor oil."

Alvin Gilbert, President of the "Pioneer School Association," together with Secretary Jas. W. Martin, intends to get an early start this year for the next meeting of the association. A program is being prepared that will charm everyone present. Look out for the largest crowd you ever seen at a pioneer meeting. Send Secretary Martin the names of all the absent scholars and their addresses so that he can send them invitations to the next meeting.

The "Darke County Boy" is a new monthly publication, making its initial bow last week at Greenville. It is issued by George Calderwood and will serve the purpose of informing its readers of the history and pioneer life of Darke county, besides containing items of general interest, embellished with half-tone illustrations from time to time. As a writer of pioneer life Mr. Calderwood is an adept and will make his publication a valuable one to all readers.—*Eaton Register*.

Fortune can take away riches, but not courage.—*Seneca*.

Who knows whether the gods will add tomorrow to the present hour.—*Horace*.

The Darke County Boy.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of "The Darke County Boy," published at Greenville by George Calderwood, was found on our desk Monday morning. Of course business was suspended until this welcome visitor was read from beginning to end, for nothing is so interesting to the editor of The Journal as a work of this character, pertaining to historical and biographical sketches of Greenville and Greenville people as we knew them when a boy. Among the illustrations given by Mr. Calderwood in his initial number is a picture of Broadway and the old court house taken in 1858. It was only a few years later than this that our first visit was made to Greenville, which later became our home. The trip was made with father, Judge James T. Mesker and P. N. Banta to attend a county Democratic convention.

Politics along in the sixties was boiling hot in old Darke and Butler township, known as "South Carolina," could always be depended to produce the necessary majority. "The Darke County Boy" is being printed by Chas. R. Kemble in magazine form. Every citizen of Darke County, and every former resident of the county, will appreciate it and can not afford to be without it at its cost one dollar for the year.—*Ft. Recovery Journal*.

Home Grown.

An excuse is a cancer on the conscience.

Powder like anarchy is of no use unless you destroy it.

There is nothing in some persons but what you find in their purse.

No man is so rascally as the one who thinks you are doing him a favor—for pay.

Judges should be appointed lest they lean toward "party" corruptionists in some of their decisions.

Doing unprincipled things under the impression that it is principle has marred many a man's character.

One never hears of a farmer's wife going out to the cornfield and grating enough corn oil of the ears to make mush or bread for the family. That is the way the mothers of Darke County used to do.

The burden which is well borne becomes light.—*Ovid*.

The more laws the more corrupt the state.—*Tacitus*.

Courage in danger is half the battle.—*Plautus*.

Economy is a great revenue.—*Cicero*.

If you share the crime of your friend, you make it your own.—*Syrus*.

Provided a woman be well principled, she had dowry enough.—*Plautus*.

Few get a higher value on good faith than on money.—*Sallust*.

The man who can be compelled knows not how to die.—*Seneca*.

There is no grief that time does not lessen or soften.—*Cicero*.

It is not goodness to be better than the very worst.—*Seneca*.

